Miſt.Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you do,if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face,hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd,let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come,away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man,there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure hee is; my Intelligence is true,my iealouſie is reaſonable,plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, hee ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Maſter *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well,hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity; Let me for euer be your Table-ſport; Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

Miſt.Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzenin
Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes
do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not kn
brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fort
She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure
dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee k
thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge y
downe I ſay.

Miſ.Ford. Nay,good ſweet husband, good G
let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Miſ.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giu
hand.

Ford. Ile prat her: Out of my doore, you V
Hagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runni
Ile coniure you,ile fortune-tell you.

Miſ.Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſ.Ford. Nay hee will do it, 'tis a goodl
you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no,I thinke the o'man is
deede: I like not when a o'mans has a great p
a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech
ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie. If I cry out th
traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further;
Come Gentlemen.

Miſ.Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittif

Miſ.Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not; h
moſt vnpittifully,me thought.

Miſ.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, an
the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſ.Ford. What thinke you? May wee with
of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good
purſue him with any further reuenge?